A Pleaſant conceite penned in verſe.

Collourably ſette out, and humblie preſented on New-yeeres day laſt, to the Queenes Maieſtie at *Hampton Courte.*

Anno. Domini. 1593.

AT LONDON,
¶ Printed by *Roger Warde*, dwelling in Holburne at the ſigne of the *Caſtle.*

To the Queenes moſt excellent *Maieſtie*.



AY it pleaſe your Maieſtie, ſo long as breath is in my breaſt, life in the hart, and ſpirit in the heade, I cannot hold the hand frõ penning of ſome acceptable deuice to your Maieſtie, not to compare (in mine own ouer weening) with the rare Poets of our floriſhing age, but rather counterfeyting to ſette foorth the workes of an extraordinarie Painter, that hath drawne in a pleaſant conceite, diuers flowers, fruites, and famous Townes: which pleaſant conceite I haue preſumed (this Newe-yeeres day) to preſent to your Maieſtie, in ſigne and token that your gracious goodneſſe towardes me oftentimes (and cheefely now for my pen-

cyon) ſhal neuer goe out of my remembrance, with all dutifull ſeruices, belonging to a loyall ſubiect. So vnder your princely fauour & protection, praying for your proſperous preſeruation and Royall eſtate, I proceede to my purpoſed matter.

Your Maieſties humble
Seruaunt,

Thomas Churchyard.

A pleaſant conceite.

THE Painter thought, to pleaſe his owne delite,
With pictures faire, as poore *Pigmalion* did:
But ſtaring long, on kindly Red and White,
He found therein, a ſecrete nature hid.
A frayde to fall, like Flie in flaming fire,
He finely caſt, cold water on deſire.
So ſhaping grapes, and graine another while,
At his owne workes, the Painter gan to ſmile.

Becauſe with grapes, the byrds were once begield,
And men might dote, on goodly corne and graine:
At more conceits, this merry man he ſmield,
As though he had, poſſeſt ſome Poets vaine.
As *Petrarch* had, who did his tryumphs make,
In ſweeteſt ſorte, for Lady *Lawraes* ſake.
Thys Painter tooke, in penſell ſuch a ioy,
As hee could make, much matter of a toy.

A ruſh a reede, a feeble feather light,
Was ground enough, for him to worke vpon:
What euer came, to mind to view or ſight,
Stoode for good cloth, to clap hys collours on.
But his moſt skill, was how to ſette forth flowers,
And ſhowe at full, trym Townes and ſtately Towers.
Not eu'ry Towne, he meant not now to tuch,
For that their names, cannot auaile him much.

A pleaſant conceite.

NOrth-hampton firſt, the Painter tooke in hand,
As cheefeſt work, his penſel lately drew:
Becauſe the plot, did come from forraine land,
In that faire forme, as doth appeare to you.
Not roughly heaw'd, as tymber is in haeſt:
But ſmoothed well, and with great honor graeſt.
A woorthy peece, of workmanſhip ſo rare:
With golden Fleece, *North-hampton* may compare.

WArwicke he drewe, in collours ſad and graue,
In elders dayes, a noble name it bore:
It builded was, on vertues rare and braue,
As auncient ſeates, and Citties were of yore.
The walles were reard, on conſtant Rock ful faſt,
That durſt abide, the brunt of enuies blaſt.
The ſtreetes were paude, with plainnes mixt with grace,
Where good report, fild vp each empty place.

The houſes hie, ſhone bright againſt the ſun,
And all the walkes, and ſteps were ſmoth & cleere:
This famous Towne, great loue & laud hath wun,
As by the brute, of world doth well appeare.
It ſtands and ſtaies, on honors pillers large,
Sure props that can, beare vp a greater charge.
When *Warwicke* thus, the Painter ſette in frame,
He turnd his hand, to Townes of ſtranger name.

BEdford he made, in goodly ſumptuous ſort,
With collours ritch, bedeckt and cleere ſet out:
Like Towne of ſtate, as ſtrong as warlike Fort,
With wiſe aduice, well fenced round about.
Not to be won, the watch and ward was ſuch,
Ne fraude nor force, durſt not attempt it much.
Bedford is bleſt, for from that houſe and ſoyle,
Sprunge many a branch, that neuer yet tooke foyle.

A pleaſant conceite.

OLde *Lyncolne* now, that ſtands on mighty Mount,
Yet lowe in earth, the firſt foundation lyes:
He drew for that, it was of great account,
And lifted vp, in fauour to the skyes.
The beſt we know, did loue olde *Lyncolne* well
In former age, her beautie did excell.
Of latter tyme, her credite was not ſmall:
For ſome doe ſay, that *Lyncolne* paſt them all.

KYldare came now, to minde among the reſt,
A right fayre ſeate, and ſo ſette foorth it was:
As Gods aboue, and nature had her bleſt,
Which ſeem'd to ſight, as cleere as Chriſtall-glas.
From Hawthorne bough, whoſe bloſſoms brings in May
Kyldare did come, and ioyes therein this day.
Kyldare commaunds, more men than thouſands do,
Yet dutie bids, it be commaunded to.

HArtford he calld, vnto remembraunce than,
A Towne where Tearme, is kept as cauſe doth craue:
It fauourd is, and likt of each good man,
It dooth in world, it ſelfe ſo well behaue.
Gallant and gay, and gladſome to the ſight:
Framde from the ſtock, that ſtill growes bolt vpright.
Moſt meeke of minde, and plaine in eu'ry part:
Where dutie ought, ſhow loue and loyall hart.

NOwe *Huntington*, was drawne in order due,
As did become, the value of that ſeate:
The honour olde, the name is nothing new,
The worth not ſmall, the ſoyle and place is great.
The buildings fayre, and ſtately too withall,
Stands ſtrong and ſure, as doth a Braſen wall.
Full glad to pleaſe, both God and man indeede,
And preſt to ſerue, the Prince in time of neede.

A pleaſant conceite.

WOſter that once, like *Huntington* did looke,
Stoode ſtill farre off, as it would not be knowne:
Yet ſoft and fayre, in ranke her place ſhe tooke,
She worthy was, of right to haue her owne.
In fame and praiſe, and worldly honor both,
In noble name, in vertue grace and troth.
If Painter had, not toucht this Towne no way,
God knowes thereof, what might good people ſay.

SOuth-*hampton* came, in view and iudgement now,
A Hauen towne, of great eſteeme and praiſe:
Of nature good, and well diſpoſed throw,
And nobly hath, beſtowd both yeeres and daies.
A princely Porte, where ſhyp ſhall ſafely ryde,
Againſt all ſtormes, how euer turnes the tyde.
From *Mountague*, whoſe trueth no time might ſtaine,
South-hampton tooke, her forme and manner plaine.

PEmbroke a pearle, that orient is of kind,
A *Sidney* right, ſhall not in ſilence ſit:
A gemme more worth, then all the gold of Ind,
For ſhe enioyes, the wiſe *Mineruaes* wit,
And ſets to ſchoole, our Poets eu'ry where:
That doth preſume, the Lawrell crowne to weare.
The Muſes nine, and all the Graces three:
In *Pembrokes* bookes, and verſes ſhall you ſee.

NOwe *Shrewsbrie* ſhal, be honourd as it ought,
The ſeate deſerues, a right great honour heere:
That walled Towne, is ſure ſo finely wrought,
It glads it ſelfe, and beautifies the ſheere.
Her beautie ſtandes, on bounty many waies,
That neuer dyes, but gaines immortall praiſe.
Her honor growes, on wiſhed well won fame:
That people ſounds, of *Shrewsbries* noble name.

Oxford

A pleaſant conceite.

OXford came laſt, like ſober Sibbill ſage,
Whoſe modeſt face, like faire *Lucyna* ſhone:
Whoſe ſtayed lookes, decors her youthfull age,
That gliſters like, the Alablaſter ſtone.
Her blotleſſe life, much laude and glorie gate,
And calld her vp, to be a great eſtate.
The Diamond, dooth loſe his daintie light,
And waxeth dim, when *Oxford* comes in ſight.

THeſe Townes and all, the people dwelling there,
And all the reſt, that loues theyr Country well:
And all true harts, and ſubiects eu'ry where,
That feareth God, and doe in England dwell,
Salutes with ioy, and gladnes this New yeere,
Our gracious Queene, and ſoueraigne Lady deere.
All wiſhed haps, and welcome fortunes to,
Still waites on her, as handmaides ought to doe.
With long good life, with peace and perfect reſt,
And all good gifts, that euer Prince poſſeſt.

The Painter ſtayed ſo, yet riſing from the floore,
To Courte then did he goe, to Preſence Chamber doore:
And peeping throw the ſame, he ſaw in euening late,
Full many a noble Dame, ſitte neere the cloth of ſtate.
Where thē ſtood 5. faire flowers, whoſe beauty bred diſdaine,
Who came at certain houres, as Nymphs of *Dians* traine.
Thoſe goodly Nimphes moſt gay, like Goddeſſes diuine,
In darkeſt night or day, made all the Chamber ſhine.

A pleaſant conceite.

Dame kinde with collours new, gaue them ſuch liuely grace.
As they had tooke theyr hue, from faire bright *Phœbus* face,
If ſuch faire flowrs & he, in Preſence men may find,
In Priuey-chamber ſure, ſome faire ſweet ſaints are ſhrind.
The Painter as he might, with that did him content,
And wondring at the ſight amaz'd he homeward went.
Where he is drawing ſtill, ſome works of ſtranger kind,
If this may gaine good will, for plaine true meaning mind.

THeyr names are heere, that honour much our ſtate,
Who dwels in Court, or Courtiars were of late:
Who ſendes to Court, theyr New-yeeres gifts to ſhow,
Our gracious Prince, the homage that they owe.

FINIS.

To the generall Readers.

READe with good will, and iudge it as ye ought,
And ſpare ſuch ſpeech, as fauour can beſtow:
So ſhall you find, the meaning of his thought,
That did this work, in clowd and collours ſhow.
Wreſt things aright, but doe no further goe.
In ballance thus, wey words with equall weight,
So wiſdoms skill, ſhall ſcanne the matter ſtreight.

The booke I calld, of late *My deere adiew*,
Is now become, my welcome home moſt kinde:
For old miſhaps, are heald with fortune new,
That brings a balme, to cure a wounded mind.
From God and Prince, I now ſuch fauour find,
That full a floate, in flood my ſhyp it rydes,
At Anchor-hold, againſt all checking tydes.

The

To the Reader.

The houre is come, the Seas doe ſwell againe,
And weltring waues, comes rowling in a pace:
The ſtormes are calmd, with one ſweete ſhewer of raine,
That brought my Barke, vnto the Porte of grace,
Where clowdes did frowne, now *Phœbus* ſhewes his face.
And where warme ſunne, ſhines throwly cleere and faire,
There no foule miſts, nor fogs infects the ayre.

The Sayler ſtayes, at anchor in good roade,
Till winde blowes ore, ill weather from the ſeas:
The Pilot wiſe, will not put out a broade,
Till winde ſerues well, and men may ſayle with eaſe.
The Writer firſt will his owne fancie pleaſe,
Than to the reſt, that will no word miſtake,
He ſends thoſe ſcrowles, that ſtudious man did make.

The learned ſort, ſcannes euery labour well,
But beetle-braines, cannot conceiue things right:
And if good works, comes where diſdaine doth dwell,
Deſpight in haſt, bloes out cleere candles light.
I hope this booke, comes not in enuies ſight.
Whoſe ſtaring lookes, may make my betters bluſh,
Yet all his chat, nor babble worth a ruſh.

If he miſlike, a babe but newly borne,
It is condemnde, for no offence at all:
Ne wit nor skill, can ſcape the ſcowling ſcorne,
Of bold male bouſh, that like ban-dog doth ball.
The ſugar ſweet, he turnes to bitter gall.
The Vargis ſower, hath not ſo ſharpe a taſt,
As hath his words, that ſpyte will ſpend in waſt.

To the Reader.

No Writer now, dare ſay the Crowe is blacke,
For cruell Kytes, will craue the cauſe and why:
A faire white Gooſe, beares feathers on her backe,
That gaggles ſtill, much like a chattring Pye.
The Angell bright, that *Gabrill* is in sky,
Shall know that *Naſhe*, I loue and will doe ſtill,
When *Gabrils* words, ſcarce winnes our worlds good will.

No force, my hope, lyes not in hatefull men,
That cannot helpe, themſelues in time of neede:
So I pleaſe thoſe, that haue the gyft of pen,
Or ſuch as can, thinke well of that they reede,
The bargaine is, well made and wonne indeede.
That dogge ſcarce bites, that daily lowde doth barke:
Each winde beates not, true Archers from theyr marke.

In rouing ſort, my feeble ſhafts ſo flies,
Drawne to the head, yet from my head doth goe:
I wiſh but that, my ſhooting pleaſe the wiſe,
That lookes vpon, or dooth a marke man knoe,
The reſt God mende, let him be friende or foe.
Thus now no more, but as I turne about,
This worke I end, till greater bookes comes out.

FINIS.